



For the NEW
\$10 in Comics

\$1.50 US
\$2.00 Canada

TWISTED

TALES



15000

"ME AN' OL' REX"

THE TRAIL WEED AN' JOHNSON GRASS IS UP NOW ... IT'S SUMMER FOR SURE. AH BEEN WAITIN' FER IT ALL YEAR AN' NOW IT'S HERE. AH AIN'T GONNA BE 'ROUND TO ENJOY IT. WAL, THATS HOW THE BREEZE BREAKS, AS OL' REX WOULD SAY. REX IS WAH PAW. AH'M GORRA MISS HIM ALOT... EVEN IF HE WAS GETTIN' A NIGHT GORE THAN TOWARD THE END... AH'M GONNA MISS THE OL' FARM TOO... FER...



WHATCHA GIVE ME
FED NOT BEATIN' THE
CHAP CUTTA YA
TODAY, CULLINI!

AH AINT GOT
NO MORE QUARTERS.
WILSON...



EVERY
PA...

DON'T CALL
ME PA, YA LITTLE
GOOD WOMEN I JINT OWNIN'
UP TO BIRN' THE LIES A
YOUR MAH NAME'S REX!
SEE GULLAW?
DON'T NEVER CALL
ME PA, YA HEARP



FEATHER-BRINED LITTLE
SWAMP WAZ, NOW GIT AT YER
CHORES AND BRING ME SUM CRAB!
AHM HAF STARVED!

THE CROPS HAD MOSTLY DIED AN' ONLY ONE
HEIFER AND THE SEED BULL WAS LEFT SINCE
PA--AH MEAN REX--TOOK ILL. AH TRUDGED
TO THE BARN TO SEE PA THE HEIFER HAD LAID
ANYTHIN' AH COULD FIX SINNER WIT...

BETTY WAS SRY AN' ISABELLE HADN'T LAID IN
A WEEK AN' HENKETTA WAS DEAD. AH'S GOING
TO SIDDLE DOWN TO THE BROOK FOR A BLUEGILL
WHEN AH SAW IT PEERIN' OUT FROM UNDER THE
LAYIN' TROUGH ALL BACK UNDER THE
SHADERS...



JUMPIN' JEEZUS,
IS THAT AN
EGG?



WHILAKERS?



SHATI IT'S
A LIZARD!

GRRP
GRRP

AN ALLUS WANTED ME A LITTLE SPOTTED PUPPY DOG, ONLY PA WOULDN'T ALLOW IT. HE DIDNT WANT NUTHIN' AROUND HE COULDN'T EAT OR KICK, SO AN HAD THE LITTLE CRITTER THAR IN THE THE BARN...



AN KILT A SQUIRREL ON THE LOWER FORTY AN' GAVE HAF TO PA AND HAF TO THE CRITTER...

SQUIRRELF IS THEY THE BEST YA CAN GO. YA SNAKE-EYED LITTLE YARMIT!



THEY NEXT DAY AN LOOKED THE CRITTER UP IN THE SCHOOL MATCHERL HIST'Y BOOK. HE WAS CALLED TYRANOSAURUS-REX AN' HE WAS A GENUINE DINOSAUR! AN KNEW NO ONE'D BELIEVE AN HAD A REAL PET DINOSAUR AT HOME SO AN JES' KEP MAH MOUTH SHET!



THEY LITTLE TYR SHORE GROWN FAST! AN HAD TO PROMOTE HIM FROM SQUIRREL TO FOX INSIDE A MONTH! AN NAMED HIM REX, AFTER PA AND ' AFTER HIS OWN MATCHERL NAME...



SOMETIMES AN SPENT TOO MUCH TIME TAKIN' CARE O' REX INSTEAD OF TENDIN' TO MAH REGULAR CHORES--LIKE WATCHIN' TO SEE THE MILLER'S DOG DON'T MAKE OFF WITH PA'S CHICKENS...



BUT NO MATTER HOW OFFER PA BEAT ME, AN STILL HAD LITTLE REX TO COME BACK TO! HE LOVED ME LIKE HIS OWN KIN! WE WUZ PAIS AN NOBODY COO CHANCE THEY!



DAMN ROYCE WHY WHADDYA 'SPECT US TA EAT IF'N THEY DOG STEALS ALL OUR POULTRY? BHT QUIT DAYDREAMIN'!



LIFE WENT ON. WIF REX IT WAS
A LOT MORE PLEASANT... BUT
SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE...



SOMEDAY THAT PECKER-HEAD
WILBUR BURNS WUZ GONNA
PAY...



IT WAS THET VERY AFTERNOON
THET THE WHOLE BIZNESS WITH
REX STARTED, I RECKON...



REX HAD BEEN AT THE MILLER'S COLLIE! HE MUSTA
GOT OUTTA THE BARN WHEN AH WUZ AT SCHOOL! AH
GOT A LENGTH OF CHAIN FROM THE BAGG AND STAKED
HIM TO IT...



BUT LATER THET AFTERNOON...





WHERE? I DON'T SEE NUTHIN' IN THIS DARK!

JUST A LITTLE FURTHER, MR. MILLER... JUST ANOTHER COUPLE FEET...



WHERE? I DON'T SEE NUTHIN' IN THIS DARK!

JUST A LITTLE FURTHER, MR. MILLER... JUST ANOTHER COUPLE FEET...

HEFT
OPEN THET DOORI
S-- WHAT TH--

FAGG GGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG

MR. MILLER WOULD'VE TOLD PA... PA WOULD'VE SHOT REX... I COULDN'T LET HIM DO THAT...

HEFT
OPEN THET DOORI
S-- WHAT TH--

FAGG GAAAAAAAAAAAAH

HEFT
OPEN THET DOORI
S-- WHAT TH--

FAGG GGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG

MR. MILLER'S SORROW WAS
TUMBLING -- BUT PA WAS
MOSTLY DEAF BY THEN... AN
DIDN'T SLEEP SO WELL THAT
NIGHT BUT AX, HE SLEPT
JUM FINE... HE HADN'T NEVER
ET THEY WELL AFORE...

NEXT DAY AT SCHOOL, AH COULDN'T KEEP MY EYES OPEN...

DISOBEDIENT AGAIN. ARE WE? WELL, WE'LL JUST SEE HOW A LITTLE TALK WITH YOUR FATHER SUITS YOU!

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AN DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE ME DO IT... SEX WASN'T IN NO REAL DANGER... AH GUESS AN JUS' ALLUS HATED THAT OL' MISS TRUNDLE...

OVER HERE! MISS TRUNDLE... PA'S IN THE BARN...

AN DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE ME DO IT... SEX WASN'T IN NO REAL DANGER... AH GUESS AN JUS' ALLUS HATED THAT OL' MISS TRUNDLE...

OVER HERE! MISS TRUNDLE... PA'S IN THE BARN...

ER TWET IT WAS EASY... AN JUS' COULDN'T SEEM
STOP... BUT ONLY WITH THEM WHAT WAS MEAN
ME...

YOU GOT
THE MONEY??
WHERE?

AT HOME. C'MON...
AN'LL SHOW YA...

5

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5

IT WARRIT SO SIMPLE WITH WILBUR... HE WAS FASTER'N THE OTHERS... HE RAN ALL OVER THE BARN AFORE REX CAUGHT HIM...

AH RECKON AH KNOW WHAT WOULD FOLLOW... THE FIRST COP CAR CAME A WEEK LATER, OFFICER SPARKS WAS THE MAN'S NAME...

MR. GULLINT YOU IN HERE?
OH MY... NO!
OH DDDO
YAGGGGGGGGG



AH KNOWED WHAT AH HAD TO DO THEN... THAR WARRIT NO OTHER WAY...





WHAT A MESS! ANY LEADS
YET, FRANK?

YEAH, IT'S A SUICIDE
FOR SURE. THE KID'S
PRINTS CHECK OUT...



KID WAS
AN ARTIST.

YEAH, LIKED DINOSAURS...
LIVED IN A KINDA DREAM
WORLD. THE DDD SAYS...



TOO BAD HE WASN'T
SO FOND OF HIS TEACHER
AND HIS NEIGHBORS...

THE KID
DID THIS?



YEAH, WE FIGURE HE LED
THEM INTO THE BARN TO HIS
PA AND THEN LOCKED THEM
INSIDE...

AND DU! REX DID THE REST.
IT FIGURES, HE LOOKS HALF
CRAZY WITH STARVATION...



BUT WHY'D THE KID
CHAIN HIM UP OUT
HERE, FRANK?

WHO KNOWS? YOU GIVE
THESE KIDS LOVE AND A
GOOD HOME AND LOOK HOW
THEY TURN OUT...

GLEEP-GLEEP

Off Key

SCRIPT:
BRUCE JONES

ART:

DOUG
WILDET

FREE! FREE! FREE AT LAST!
NO MORE PETULANT ACTORS!
NO MORE ANGRY DIRECTORS!

NO MORE ASININE PRODUCERS
SAYING, "GODDAMN, JACK, BUT
COULD YOU PUT IN A LITTLE
MORE ACTION HERE ON
PAGE SIX!"

AND OH, BY THE
WAY, WE'RE CHANGING
THE WHOLE FILM TO
A PERIOD PIECE!"

HA-HA! FREE! FREE!
I WON'T GO BACK! I'LL
NEVER GO BACK! THEY
CAN'T MAKE ME
GO BACK!

STILL GOOD,
WE'RE GOING
BACK IN A WEEK.



I PROCLAIM THIS ISLAND
IN THE NAME OF JACK
WILSHEDOWN, SCREENWRITER
EXTRAORDINAIRE! NO-NO-
EX-SCREENWRITER EXTRA-
ORDINAIRE!

COME OFF IT,
TOOTS, YOU'LL
NEVER QUIT
YOU LIKE YOUR
GHIRCRAFT
TOO MUCH!

LOOK AT IT,
PAT! PARADISE
ON EARTH!
AND IT'S ALL
OURS!

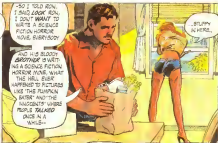
--FOR THE WEEKEND,
AFTER WHICH IT BE-
COMES ALL AND
PATTERSON'S AGAIN,
AND WE GO BACK TO
L.A. AND REALITY.



STORY: BRUCE JONES ART: DOUG WILDET
Letters: Elaine McCarthy



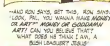
REMEMBER THAT BEFORE YOU START PLANNING THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL AGAIN.



-SO I TOLD RON, I SAID LOOK RON, I DON'T WANT TO WRITE A SCIENCE FICTION HORROR NOVEL. EVERYBODY

AND HIS BLOODY BROTHER IS WRITING A SCIENCE FICTION HORROR NOVEL. WHAT THE HELL EVER HAPPENED TO PICTURES LIKE 'THE PUMPKIN EATER' AND 'THE INNOCENTS' WHERE PEOPLE TALKED ONCE IN A WHILE--

.STUFFY IS HERE.



--AND RON SAYS, GET THIS, RON SAYS: 'LOOK, PAL, YOU WANNA MAKE MONEY OR ART?' MONEY OR GOODMAYN ART? CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? 'WHAT DOES HE THINK I AM, A BUSH LEADERS? JESUS'



--ORSLANDER MADE MONEY, DON'T IT? GOODMAYN 'LION' IN 'WINTER' MADE MONEY, DON'T IT?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



I'M TENSE, HUH?

IS THIS GOING TO HELP?

VERY TENSE. EXTREMELY TENSE.



OH, UNBESIDEVINGLY, RELUCTANTLY, ABSOLUTELY DO YOU REMEMBER THE BOURBON?



I THINK I'M IN LOVE...LET'S GET MARRIED.

WE ARE MARRIED

ARE 'HET GEE, SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTER--



GRADE, GRAVE, I'LL GET THE DRINKS



WHAT IF HE BLOWS
IT, BUT? WHAT IF HE
CAN'T THINK OF ANY
BETTER SAVING FOR
THAT GARBAGE
THAN I DID?



NEED PATTERSON IS A GIFTED SCREENWRITER
AND YOUR BEST FRIEND. HE WON'T BLOW
IT. TAKE MY WORD FOR I—



RICK! OH GOD!
RICK! RICK!



THEY'RE EATING ME! OH
CHRIST, THEY'RE EATING
ME ALIVE!

PAT!
PAT!



THE LIVING ROOM! GET
INTO THE LIVING ROOM!

ROOM!



RICK! YOU'RE
GETTING ME
AFIRE!



A-ARE
THEY GONE?
DID YOU
GET THEM?

YEAH, HONEY, I THINK SO...
SOO. WHERE DO THEY
COME FROM?

ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?



STRANGE... I NEVER MENTIONED ANY TARANTULAS ON THE ISLAND BEFORE, WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

PAT?



PAT?



ROMNEY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF BED?

HEY... IS THAT A RAVEN?



PAT? ANSWER ME... DEAR GOD!



PAT!
PAT! SNAP OUT OF IT!
PAT!



PAT?
WHAT IS IT?



NO GOD... SHE'S CHOKING!
PAT!

...B-RICK?
(GASP?)
WHAT
HAPPENED?

I-IT'S NOT SURE!
YOU WERE CHOKING
OR SOMETHING.
DON'T YOU REMEMBER
THE KISSE?

RUF?

LORD,
NOW WHAT?

RICK? B-BE CAREFUL,
HONEY, IT MIGHT BE A—

EEEE!

THE GUN! SET
(GASP!) HERE'S
RIFLE FROM
THE HALL
CLOSET!

MY GOD, WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO
US, WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

WHA—WHERE
IS IT?
WHERE DID
IT GO?

V-VANISHED...
IT JUST
VANISHED!

OUT
THE
WINDOW?

NO... I MEAN
LITERALLY
VANISHED?



MY GOD, THIS
IS LIKE A
HORROR
STORY!
ARE YOU
HURTING?

NO...NOT A SCARROW NOW,
AND YET A MOMENT AGO
ITS FANGS WERE--MY GOD,
COULD IT BE POSSIBLE?

WHAT,
HONEY?

WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT A
HORROR STORY...OR A
SCREENPLAY...LIKE SOME-
THING I WOULD WRITE?

OR SOME-
THING AND
WOULD
WRITE!

WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

LOOK AT THE
WINDOW, PAT.
IT ISN'T
BROKEN NOW!

MY GOD,
YOU'RE
RIGHT!

IT'S THE MOVIE...THE SCRIPT.
THE SCRIPT I GAVE TO NED
PATTERSON BECAUSE I
COULDN'T THINK OF AN
ENDING! ONLY HE SAID
THINK OF AN ENDING--
SOMEONE ENDINGS!

AND HE'S STILL
THINKING OF
THEM!

THE SCREENPLAY--"THE TERROR IN THE
WIDOWS"! IT'S ABOUT US! REMEMBER?
THE COUPLE IN THE SCRIPT EVEN HAVE
OUR NAMES, RICH AND PAT!
WE'RE LIVING IT!

I (CHUCK)
I ALWAYS
WANTED MORE
REALISM IN
MOVIES. NOW
I (CHUCK) THE
GUY IT...

DURING...YOU'VE
HAD A TERRIBLE
FROST, YOU'RE
EXHAUSTED!
YOU'RE
WASHING...

AM I? DID I IMAGINE
THAT YOU ATTACKED
ME A FEW MINUTES
AGO WITH A
BUTCHER KNIFE?

CHUCK!

WE'RE
GETTING OUT
OF HERE!



THAT'S (GASP) WHY THE DOGERS AND THE LNER JUST WANDERED THAT WAY--AND CHANGED THE PLOT-- STOPPED WAITING ABOUT THEM.





AUGUST 26, 1942. SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

WE ~~COAST~~! WE ~~PLEASE~~ IT. ~~WITNESS~~! WE ~~COAST~~! ~~WITNESS~~ IT! I TOLD YOU IT WAS AN ISLAND! I ~~COAST~~! TOLD YOU!

YES, KID. BUT ~~COAST~~! ~~WITNESS~~ ISLAND. ~~COAST~~! ~~WITNESS~~!

OUR TROOP SHIP IS SUNK. WE HAVE NO SUPPLIES AND CROOKED HIGHER OF ALL, WE ARE IN ~~WITNESS~~ WATERS!

NO MATTER: I STILL HAVE THE PHOTOGRAPH OF MY BELOVED WIFE ORVILLE'S. AT LEAST, IT IS HARDLY WASTED.

AND I STILL HAVE MY FAITHFUL BLOODHOUND (BLADE)! EVEN IF THE WHITE MIGHTY FIND US, I CAN DIE WITH HONOR!

MR. T: IT IS ONE OF OUR SHIPS, MR. T. WE ARE SAFE!

著者 BRUCE JONES 美術 BILL LEHAY

STORY: BRUCE JONES ART: BILL WRAY
Colors: Steve Orr Letters: Camie McCarthy

BUT KURIBU'S JOY IS SHORT-LIVED...

THERE IS ROOM FOR ONLY ONE ON THE CRAFT, KURIBU! THEY ASKED IT TO BE SOMEONE WITH MY NAME, BUT DO NOT FEAR, I WILL RETURN FOR YOU, IRONHAIR, TAKE MY FAITHFUL BLINDED SLAVE, THAT YOU MIGHT FACE ANY DANGER WITH HONOR!

WAIT! I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU...

IT IS MY BELOVED SENSU! OUR HOME ADDRESS IS WRITTEN ON THE BACK!

TRY TO GET A MESSAGE THROUGH TO HER!

FEAR NOT, MY FRIEND! IRONHAIR!

THAT FIRST NIGHT ALONE ON THE ISLAND WAS THE WORST OF KURIBU'S LIFE...

FOOD ON THE ISLAND WAS UNUSUAL BUT PLentiful. THE WORST PART WAS THE TERRIBLE WAITING. KURIBU LOST ALL SENSE OF TIME... THEN, AFTER DAYS...

HIGHLY HIMSELF KNOWS OF YOUR SORROW! YOU ARE TO REMAIN HERE AS AN ADVANCE GUARD UNTIL TROOPS CAN LAND NEXT MONTH! THE AREA IS SURROUNDED BY THE ENEMY SO STAY LOW! AND BE QUIET. KURIBU, IT HAS ONLY BEEN ONE MONTH.

SENSU...

MY LOVELY SENSU...

WAIT FOR ME...

NITAKU!

KURIBU, MY FRIEND! I BRING GOOD NEWS! YOUR WIFE IS WELL, AND THE WAR, THEY SAY, WILL END SOON!

...IRONHAIR!

KEEP A KEEN EYE ON MY SLAVE, KURIBU! TO DIE WITH THE BLINDED IS TO DIE WITH HONOR!

KURIBU SETTLED DOWN TO WAIT ONCE MORE, SILENTLY RUNNING A CHAINED PRIZE OF PLANT ALONG THE EDGE OF NITAKU'S GUANYING BLADE. MOST OF THE TIME HE SLEPT... BUT FOR HOURS OR DAYS HE COULD NOT TELL...

SLAP!

BY LIGHT HE PICKED THE DATES AND BANANAS THAT WERE HIS SUSTENANCE... BY NIGHT HE LISTENED TO THE EVER-PRESENT BUSHY MARCHING SOMEWHERE JUST OUT OF SIGHT...



THE SUN ROSE... THE SUN FELL, NIGHT BLURRED INTO DAY. THE ISLAND HELD NO SEASONS, TIME LOST ALL MEANING...



BUT AT LAST...



IF IT NOT POSSIBLE, MY FRIEND! THE ENTIRE JAPANESE NAVY HAS SURROUNDED THE ISLAND! TOMORROW HIS STRIKE! YOU MUST BE HERE TO LEAD THE WAY!



BUT NITANG, I--



BUT MY WIFE, KURUSU! AT LEAST LET ME SEE HER PICTURE!

ALONE AGAIN... IMPOSSIBLY ALONE... KURUSU FELT THE SHIFFNESS OF DESPAIR RISING IN HIS DRY THROAT...

AND ALWAYS NEARBY, SOMEWHERE SO CLOSE HE COULD ALMOST REACH OUT AND TOUCH THEM, WAS THE EVER-PRESENT BUSHY...



MONTHS LATER...



KUROSUKI! KUROSUKI! MY FRIEND WHOSE AGE YOU? IT IS NITAKI! I HAVE RETURNED!



SHUNK!



TO DIE WITH HONOR, BY THE POINT OF THE BUSHIDO BLADE, THAT IS WHAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED. WELL, NOW YOU HAVE IT, NITAKI... NOW YOU HAVE IT!



AND WHAT IS THIS MY FRIEND?



A PICTURE OF YOU AND MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE?



HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN LOVE WITH HER, NITAKI? FROM THE FIRST MOMENT I SHOWED YOU HER PICTURE ON THE BEACH? DID YOU TELL HER I WAS DEAD?

YANK!



THE SURPRISE YOU SO UNSELFISHLY BROUGHT ME, NITAKI... THE TIN CAN... ONE YEAR, YOU SAID, NITAKI... BUT THE CAN WAS DATED!

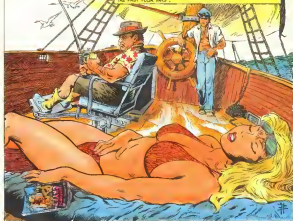
KUROSUKI TOSSES ASIDE THE BUSHIDO BLADE IN DISGUST AND WALKS OUT OF THE CLEARING... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIFTY YEARS!

HE WALKS THROUGH THE JUNGLE... PAST THE BULLDOZERS... PAST THE HURRICANE FENCE... PAST THE OLD MANAGER COMING THROUGH THE GATE... TOWARD THE AIRPORT THAT WILL TAKE HIM ONCE MORE TO HIS LITTLE WIFE SENSU... TO HOME...



SUNKEN CHEST

SCOTT BANGED REPEATEDLY AGAINST THE FORWARD BRONCHHEAD OF THE HELM, HITTING WITH FORTHRIGHTNESS OVER THE DISCOURAGED MASTHEAD LASHY ACROSS THE QUARTERS AND THROUGH THE SCISSORS. HIS BANGS LAY BOUNDED EAST IN THE SWELLING TAILING AND HIS CRUISING LINE OF THE HULLS! THEIR OBSCURITY REVEALED THE SALT CRUST VAGUARY BUT LAUREY IN THE FIGHTING CASE, MARKS STATIONARILY DEMONSTRATED AGAINST THE FOOT BRIDGE AS IT EFFECTUALLY THE FILL OF SOMETHING THE SIDE OF A BRICK BLADE AT SAN MOMENT. HE CLUTCHED THE BR JONKHOEN REEL IN ONE SHURRY HAND, A HALF-DEWED CUP OF COOD IN THE OTHER, HIS FIFTH COORD THAT HOUR. ART, BATTLED OUT IN COOL, INVITE LONG THAT DID MAKE FOR A DEER, THING SCOTT HAD BEEN BEING DEERL HAVENLY WITH ALL, INDIVIDUALIZED THE FORTWELL, MUCH THE SAME WAY SHE HAD INDIVIDUALIZED SCOTT'S THOUGHTS FOR THE PAST FOUR DAYS.



FROM SCOTT, SCOTT TWO WERE SCOTT HAD SAT ON SCOTT OF HUNGER? OR LEADED, BRICKS THE THICK LENGTH OF THAT LINE FROM THE ART WARD AND IS VIOLETALLY IN THE BRILL OFFERS HOTTOLLOO, HAVING THE SUN WERE AWAY-WAY, AND THE ONLY BELOW BRILL WERE WAITING...











"A MONSTER
SWAM IN THE
CLAYED
CHANNEL!"



"A MONSTER SWAM
IN THE MUDDY SLUR
OF THE LANE!"

"UNUSUAL & DANGEROUS
ON GOD COULD IT
BE POSSIBLE?
DID HE GET OFF
HIS OWN FEET?"



"SCOTT WAGED ARMED, A BLACK
SQUAD WOULD BE THERE ON AT
THE BOTTOM OF THE SUBMERGENT
BARRIERS."

"WARRIOR FIGHT!"
-HARRISON!"



"WELL!"

"HE, HE COULDN'T
JUDGE HIM, HE'S
DANGEROUS!
DANGEROUS!
LET'S TURN IN."



"THEY RECOVERED, SCOTT TOOK NO
DANGER AT ALL NIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
FIGHTING!"

"THAT'S WHY ONLY A DEAD
MONSTER COULD!"

"DANGER!"



"SCOTT, WHAT IS
THIS? DANGER!
DANGER!
DANGER!"

"NO-NO-NO-NO!"



"DANGER!"

"SCOTT, WHAT IS
THIS? DANGER!
DANGER!
DANGER!"

